ON ACTIVE SERVICE
WITH THE
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

NAME .....

AMERICAN RED CROSS

October 3 1918

Dearest Folks and Fieldmouseface,

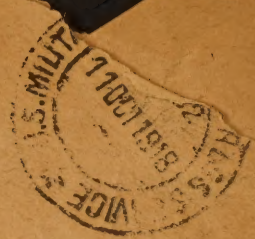
Feel pretty good. Now I am getting anxious to get away from this here hospital. There is so much red tape that when once you get in their clutches they keep a hold on you till you are quite all well and then some. I am sorry because I expect there is some mail waiting for me. I did not have it forwarded because I'll not be here long enough to justify it.

Well you can be glad that they do take so much care of me here. I ought to be highly satisfied. The place is a very good one if you have to be lying around. The only better place would be at home with Bunny and Anne MacGregor to take care of me. I expect they would have pronounced me well by now. Perhaps they would

make me egg noggs! Now that the fall is coming on I feel more anxious to be getting back to the U.S. Don't stop working on your end. I will keep pegging away over here and we may make a go of it yet. It looks hopeless in some ways because there is so much red tape but then on the other hand things like this move along rapidly enough once you get on the right line.

You bet I am wishing these days to be with you all. It is especially hard now when I am inactive and yet not really sick. But I really do expect to get away from here by about tomorrow and then I hope to begin to see things move along a little more rapidly. I am awaiting a letter from Moody that will hurry things along. Hope you are all well. I am o.k. Don't worry about me as all I had was a cold which is quite all right now. The weather is very nice now although getting cool & fall like —

Loads of love I love you Stewart.



Rev. W. Courtland Robinson,
3504 Baring Street,
Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania,
U. S. A.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

WAR ACTIVITIES

Dearest Girl + Folks, - October 10 1918

Loafing at Chateau d'Aux waiting for my orders to come. Chaplain Moody dropped in day before yesterday. He is going to the U.S.A. in about a week or so. He said sometime later they would probably send over a few senior chaplains to divisions in the States. He did not say he would send me, but he didn't say he would not and was talking in a group of us. If he lands you all will have to camp on his trail. He said they would send a few senior chaplains who had done particularly good work. So if I go back to the 78th which Moody said I would do I'll be busy as can be trying

to qualify on my own account. He may be going to send me but I fear it will not be right-away. I had hoped that maybe now that I had become detached from the division I might get started homeward bound but it seems not to be just yet. But maybe it will work out after all as soon as it is the right time.

I did enjoy ~~yet~~ my stay in Paris and I hope to stop there again on my way back to duty. I want to get some things for the men up there. In a way it is better for me to get back to my division for most of my possessions are there and I can get them together.

I have a little slip to send to you to paste on my Christmas package, but I hope and pray we will not have to use it. I

191

will send it on to you but if I were you I would not try to make the tiny box they allow each one contain very much of value or peculiar preciousness or upon which much labor has been expended, for I feel sure the thing will get lost, or smashed or will come late or after I am started back. I certainly do not look forward to spending Christmas over here. But there will be over 2 million others in the same boat with me and I guess it is for us chaplains to make such a situation first and for the others too. But the prospect of it is no

joke. Maybe, however, the Lord will see fit to give us Christmas and perhaps Thanksgiving together. It is a good deal to expect in these days but we have been given a good many exceptional blessings and I believe we must trust rather completely to do the best for us. So after all worry or concern is quite out of place. There is always the duty and opportunity immediately ahead and all we have to do is to do all we can with that.

Every day so far since I left you has been surpassingly interesting. Still the wonder grows that Stevie should after all be abroad. Those ships sailing out of my harbor did at last take me and now I am looking for one going the other way!! Never is man satisfied.

Loads of love

Stevie your Servant.

Hq. 78th Div.

Mrs. Stewart MacMaster Robinson,
3504 Baring Street,
Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania,
U. S. A.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

WAR ACTIVITIES

October 12 1918

Dearest Girl -

Isn't this some ink. It is French. would you believe it! My own little bottle of Waterman's ink that I bought with you at the Grand Central Station the morning I left.

I enclose the little slip that is supposed to go on the 9"x4"x3" package that the American E. F. thinks is the proper size for a Christmas stocking for the soldier over here. I will not fill it out because before. November 18 or 19 it may be different and I

will then cable it. If it is what it is now it would be,-

Stewart M. ——— Chaplain
name Rank (Army Section)

Headquarters 78th Div.
Co. Reg. Arm of Service

I hope it will not be necessary to use this sort of a thing but if it is necessary you will like to have one I send because I suppose everybody will be sending them over.

As yet the orders have not come along directing me to proceed to my job. With them I hope to go back through Paris and gather up a few things to take back to the men in the division. The things that come from Paris

Knights of Columbus

War Activities

_____ 191___

[illegible]

[illegible]

—

the Count [illegible]
[illegible] he travelled to America.

I wonder if you have now
[illegible]
[illegible]

—

no [illegible] knowing how much
that duty [illegible]. There
is the real stuff [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

WAR ACTIVITIES

_____ 191____

These days are all full of
all kinds of things. A new kind
of chaplains are about to arrive
here soon I will be. So I have
now an chaplain Smith been
[illegible]

[illegible]

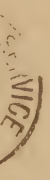
[illegible]

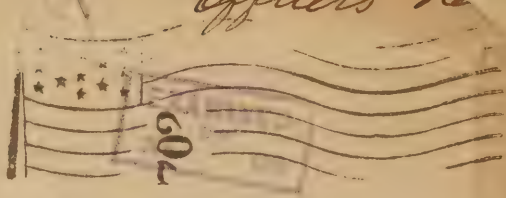
[illegible]

Chaplain S M Robinson
Hq [redacted] Div

Officer's Le

AMERICAN UNIVERSITY UNION
IN EUROPE
8. RUE DE RICHELIEU PARIS





EXAMINED BY BASE CENSOR

Mrs. Stewart MacNaughton
3504 Baring Street,
Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania
U. S. A.

Monday, October 14th.

Dearest Sweetheart of Mine,

Back again in Paris for a little while on my way to my bunch. We have all been thrilled at the prospect of the war being over soon. The thing to do now is to push the Hun hard and persuade him with a brick that any kind of terms are better than getting his face pounded out of shape.

Yesterday I went out to Neuilly and heard Dr. Charles Merle-d'Aubigne preach in his little Reformed Church there. He has been in the States knows Dr. Warfield and was very glad to see me. He wanted

to take me to his home but he said his wife and children had influenza so I thanked him. He took part in the big Calvinist 400 anniversary at Savannah Georgia in 1909 when he made an address. Dr. Warfield made one at the same time. I remember having read some of them in their collected form. This man is the son I think of a very noted Church historian by the same name. I told him a bit about my hope that perhaps we could spend a year in France studying and preaching. He thought that perhaps the old Montauban faculty would move to Paris after the war. We would have to figure out some way of inciting a little money our way if we did because uncle Sam will not continue to pay me a salary all my life I hope. Perhaps it will prove to be too expensive a proposition anyway. I will inquire around a bit and get a line on it and then when things are settled down and I am safe back with you we can canvass the whole situation. I fear, however, that once I get nicely settled and cozily at home I will be hard to move. It certainly looks good to me now. I wish there was some good chaplain's job here at Paris I am crazy to get in touch

with the universities and French preachers here and learn some of the ropes. I would like to get to be familiar with the town in that way.

Gordon Sikes took me out to dinner last evening with the Harries. He is the Eastman Kodak representative here. They are Buffalo people. We had a great time. Two American girl refugee workers were there too. There are more than forty eleven kinds of relief organizations here and no end of American women. I see now that wives may come over as nurses! I guess it is a good thing that you have something on your mind that keeps you busy?!

You are my sweetheart

How you [illegible]

October 15 1918

Dearest Sweetheart and Folks, -

I am in a queer little town on my way back to the 13th. I arrived here at two a.m. this morning. The station man took me to a house where there was a room and I retired along about three and rose at nine thirty. The room was like all French bedrooms in its general outlines with funny little puffy squarish bed, very off feather bolster, mattress and big "feather bed" affair to put over you. But I slept finely. I had my breakfast in a large French soldier restaurant and room etc. It was a French edition of the Y.M.C.A., only it was more thoroughly equipped than most of the Y.M. places. I think the hospital department runs them. This seems to be a kind of hospital center. The Provost Marshall collared me on the street and wanted me to have the funeral of one boys who have died. I guess I will be able to work in one not least, the one I had I dropped in Ypres. The spectacle of this

Foreign Soldat as they call them were very interesting. There were all kinds of French soldiers, a few Americans and a very few Italians, and to cap the climax and make the scene truly cosmopolitan there were also a dozen Germans. They did not have on the big P.G. (Prisonniers de guerre) uniform either strangely enough, but their own. They were doing the menial work about the place. It looked oddly enough to see them mingling with the rest under no apparent restraint. Nobody showed them any ill will and it would never have struck a stranger from Mars that they were not of the Allies also. I talked to a couple of them a bit. They sold me the buttons off their caps, a shoulder strap and three clothes buttons with the "Imperial Crown" upon them. They were pleasant enough, and they only got one meal a day which did not elicit any sympathy from me at all. But I do find it hard in dealing with the individual German to feel towards him individually the whole volume of hate that I know he deserves as a type. There is quite a difference

fashion. He formerly was a German. He naturalized comes from a particular town, has his home there who are anxious about him, want the war to end and things to be as they were. One of these gentlemen was quite indignant when he explained that although he was the butler of the Russian troops, he was really a Saxon.

I found a set of books in Paris that I think Fieldmen's face will enjoy. They are "The masters of music", and the set contains the lives and criticisms of many musicians. It is not the whole set because unfortunately the publisher was out of a few of the volumes. I found a few fine monographs and books on my subject at the old bookstore. One monograph I brought along to read for my private edification while at work. It is on the internal history of the Reformed church in France between 1789 and 1815. This is a very interesting period, because it just preceded the Revolution and I am interested to learn what seeds and leaven Protestantism was responsible and why it did not make a more successful attempt to stack the cirlyzer that marked the

Revolution. This study I think has a very practical value because I believe what France needs most is a revival of Protestant Christianity. There are more Protestant religious influences in France today than ever before, I venture, except perhaps in the middle of the 16th century when France was very much Protestant. I would love to be able to do something to start or push along this revival. I can see already some of the weaknesses of the Reformed Church. I saw Merle D'Aubigné conduct Sunday School last Sunday. It would have killed American kids dead. They stood up over half an hour doing one thing or another. But on the whole it reminded me much a lot of say a Dutch S.S. You know the church that the rather noted Dr. Merle D'Aubigné ministers to is smaller than Brother Kittredge's and the congregation last Sunday could not have numbered over sixty. Of course the men were conspicuous by absent, but nevertheless things are not overly flourishing with us over here.

Lovingly yours, Alan Jon. Stewart.

October 20, 1918.

Dearest Sweetheart,

Back with 78 and very busy. Dear, I received your cable the day I returned. It must have come while I was away and they saved it for me. Oh, I am so sorry and yet it certainly was better because I expect those three huskies would have killed you quite sure February. Can you ever believe it, our hopes and prayers for twin boys are being more than answered.

Well, well, I hope and pray that you are all right. Don't worry or feel concerned about it in the least. If you are all right, good. I wonder if we shall meet those three little beings some day in that Brighter world? Perhaps! I am patiently awaiting the details in a letter. I would have liked to have cabled some good cheer to you at once but I was not able to get in touch with the cable facilities.

I am so glad to hear that Sis got her appointment. I suppose she is nearly over here by this time. I hope I can get in touch with her. She has my address doubtless. We have three ladies with us as you can tell workers. They are quite regular girls at that. But on the whole I would just a lief not have Sis assigned to a division. I think she would find the work back a bit just as worth while. As things look now, however, there will not be "a front" for so very much longer. Oh. I hope it will all be over soon.

Did not have any services this Sunday for the first time. Spent the a.m. in an evacuation hospital here helping along a little with some of them worst cases. The Hun certainly does make a mess of a human being when he hit him with some of his shells. We heard the rumor today that Austria had quit the war, which I guess will leave Bill

pretty lonesome. I hope he only has the sense to see that his goose is cooked, his bed is made and all he has to do is to go to sleep in it.

I suppose now that our family is once again a dream that you will be on the alert to carry out your threat to come sailing across the sea to me. If the war does end right away and we can see any way of getting money enough together to keep us modestly in Paris for the winter, it would be a great opportunity to get in that final bit of study that I would like to have. This summer's work has been very valuable but it is most demoralizing. Nothing is permanent, nothing can be more than started and the best plans of things fall through. The experience however has been good for me and it would delight you to see me pack up in 10 seconds and dump down in the mine and do it a couple of times a week.

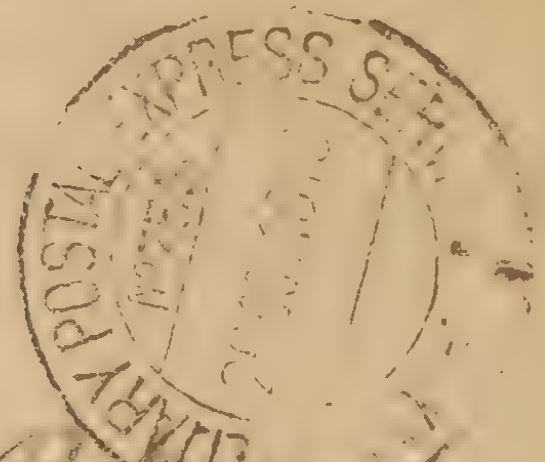
If I were to study over here I think I could get out of service almost right away. Perhaps they have devised some way to allow men to study while still in service. That would indeed be fine but I do much doubt. There may possibly be some scholarships over here that would be available for one to fall onto. Well all that will develope. We don't know exactly what good thing God has for us but we are sure that there is a good thing and even the worst mistakes will be seems work out unto a more abundant blessing. I imagine if we stayed here the winter the Folks would come over next summer. Sunny you know is getting to be a regular sport about everything.

Well I must go to bed now for there is more work on the morrow and I hope some very good news in the German note. Perhaps you know it already!

Love you
Stewart.

Chaplain S. M. Robinson,
A. E. F.

Soldiers' Mail



Mrs. M. Courtland Robinson,
3504 Baring Street,
Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania,
U. S. A.

October 24, 1918.

Dearest Sweetheart and Folks,

Brer Fox's cable came in and was a most comforting piece of news. I am so glad Nellmousefoce is all right. These surely do be parlous times, but the Lord seems to have His loving eye upon us all the while. I think by the time this war is over some of us will have learned to come somewhere near to trusting Him, the way we ought to all the while. I also had such a lovely letter from Mrs. Payne. I am sending it on, because I know you will want to read it. Then you can turn it over to AFR to keep in the archives. It seems strange to have a claim staked out in a cemetery already.

My work is pretty varied just now. While I was off in the hospital with the influenza Chaplain Gearhardt (erstwhile of 15th and Spring Garden Sts.) took my place. He did very well with it. To-day a letter came in from G.H.Q. asking for the names of some chaplains who needed a rest and a change. I sent some names in and then suggested Gearhardt for my job and asked for a transfer. I said that I hoped to spend a year here in France studying so if there was any job near Paris I should like that. While in many ways I should dearly like to stay and do that work, I somehow cannot believe that it will come to pass. I fear it would prove too expensive. It would mean a lot in my future work. But I want to get back to you folks also. I wish Bunny and Fox could get a Sabbatical year to begin next June, or earlier if possible. Then they could see a few of the interesting places hereabouts. I have a feeling that if I once get home I will never be persuaded to leave my happy home again. Then in this business letter to the office of the chaplains I did not want to ask for a transfer home. That had better be taken up more directly with my friend Bishop Brent. If I get to a place like Paris there will be more opportunity for seeing him and getting away.

I have written to Dr. Ch. Merle d'Aubigne whom I went to hear preach when in Paris about the nature of study over here. I also wrote to Paul van Dyke to look it up. I thought I would get as many facts as possible. I think if I did study here a year I could go right back to teach in Princeton. It is this foreign study that wins them over there, and nobody will demand German degrees for a while now. Paris is the new center. In a way I should like to get in on the ground floor. Then too, I think I could help a bit to start Protestantism off on a joy ride in France. I wrote Merle d'Aubigne a few of my potent ideas. He will be greatly edified no doubt. But. In spite of all this sorting of wishing, I expect Stewie will search out and grab the first chance to come home. In fact I guess I would come home anyway because I do want to see you all tremendously.

I hope Anne MacGregor is with you for the winter. I have not had time to hear from her since she felt better, but I expect some letter will be rolling in any day. I get your letters frequently and regularly by the way. I rather anticipate that she will be planning to come over here. This would hardly be necessary froma Military point of view for I think the war will be over before another month passes. However, if things worked out so that it seemed wise to stay here and study, she might get her passage paid by joining some Red Cross unit and working with them till they disbanded here. In many ways nothing would prove more restful after this summer than to curl up in some snug quarters in Paris with AFR and study for the winter. I could do all the work necessary by next June, and then we would come and spend the summer with you in Delhi, provided Director Fox could get me a job in Princeton as from the Last of May and so be drawing some salary. Chesty claims he needs an assistant in history. The University needs a good professor of English Bible. I can do either or both. Modesty, that's me all over, Mabel.

I think the church will pick up as the fall goes on. But Fox muxt not worry for all the churches must be in the same hole. I shall be delighted to get a letter from presbytery. I am surprised to hear that Dr. Cochran is coming over. He was even more fortunate than I in selecting his time to come. I wonder what

kind of a job the Bishop will give him?

Bunny's letter was just as sweet as it could be. I am carrying it around in my pocket. I often carry one set of letters until the next bunch comes. It was certainly great the way Bunny went to the rescue of Mrs. Heller. It is a wonder the old lady was not killed. Please tell her I was so sorry to hear she had been hurt, and remember me to her most particularly. Bunny is good enough to be a nurse in one of these hospitals over here. But, I fear that would get her goat just a bit. That is some place to be, especially the operating room. I have seen some perfectly wonderful operations. They have some fine doctors and surgeons, men with good reputations in the States, and specialists on either the head or the abdomen, and they save afgood many lives every day. I never had seen many clinics, any in fact, until now, when I have a private one any time I drop in. The surgeon explains to me as he works along just what he is doing.

I hope Esther drops me a line when she lands. She will enjoy coming over. There are all kinds of very nice girls over here in all kinds of work. They are moving good too. It is great to run into one every now and again who talks good United States, and comes from some here near where you have been and possibly knows some of your friends. Two Princeton boys stopped me on the street of a small village to-day. You meet them every now and then. I shall be much interested to hear an account of the Directors meeting at the Seminary. It seems funny not to be there. For seven years now, I have been there at this time. It also feels like time to study. Perhaps that accounts for all my interest in staying over for the winter. A year ago PR and I were living in that very cozy little house. I think of it much. I hope by this time that the knives and lace have come. The lace I fear will not bring so much joy as it might have, but never mind, dont give it away. The knives I know will delight you. Gee, I wished I could get there to eat Christmas dinner with them with you. It seems now impossible to hope for Thanksgiving there. That is only a month off, and the trip takes a good part of that, from start to finish.

Well, we will hope and pray that it will all work out best. as we know it will. It is a great comfort to know that you pray for me so often. I know it helps a lot. I guess every though of you is a kind of prayer. This old war is mean business. I think I'll be a pacifist all the rest of my life. It almost seems as if nothing was worth such a war as this, and yet I think it is worth while way down at bottom. We must be very meek in voctory for we do not deserve to win, I mean morally or spiritually. I run the danger that Gideons 20,000 run of thinking that it was their numbers who were to do the trick. My only fear is that the end will not be clear cut, England will try to grab, France will be willing to barter and the U.S. will be disinterested, and Germany will slip something over on us yet.

I love you all, and hope everything is going finely. The pictures were a great joy. I hope you can send some more anon. I hope I get a post near Paris as a starter towards the States. That place seems right across the strett from N.Y. Every few days some no drops in just from Hobeken. I really fell for Paris. I guess those old book shops, and the silhouette of Notre Dame in the sunset went to my head. I have written this letter on Colonel Megill's typewriter. Now I will be off to mess. We get splendid food here, and everybody says I am getting fat. I doubt it myself.

Love, Loads of love, I love you.

Ido

Stewart

October 27, 1918.

Dearest Sweetheart,

Preached this morning in a rather badly knocked apart Roman Catholic Church with the band of the 303 Engineers to play the prelude and a combination of two violins, cornet and little baby organ for accompaniment to the hymns. My friend Gearhart prayed and a Wesleyan YMCA preacher secretary said the benediction. Our service was at 10 30 and Fathers Farrelly and Kirk had masses at 7, 8 & 9 so the old church worked this morning. I think it was very nice that Romans, Wesleyans, Lutherans & Calvinists could all work together in a common cause on the Lord's Day. This afternoon at four we hope to have even prayer and benediction. It gets dark here now about five. I can't imagine what it will be like by winter time. Had a letter today from Dr. Loetscher. It was very nice of him to write. He told some of the news of old Princeton. He remarked that he wondered if I would not like to take a year here in France in

study but supposed "home sweet home" would look for good. He hit the nail right on the head. I wonder how that will work out? A letter arrived yesterday from Bee Jay reporting you to be in good health. I am so glad to hear it. Be careful now and don't let anything serious get the matter with you. I am awaiting some letters from you and am curious to learn what grand plans will be buzzing in your sweet golden head.

Really you know it would be rather another such lark as last year to be together in Paris for a year or less studying. It would even be more wonderful in a way because the setting would be more interesting. There are all kinds of funny little places to live there. There are plenty of our own folks about the town so it would not be so very lonesome, but I have somehow never been able to feel lonesome with you alone! I wonder why! I would be hard at work on some great big mess of writing just like last year only I hope it will be more readable and interesting to some regular folks and not merely for a book worm.

Today is just such a bright October Sunday as we had a year ago at Princeton when we

went over to Miller Chapel to hear some good saint preach. While I always am wishing I were there I expect were I there I should be wishing a whole lot harder that I were in this thing over here. I have suggested that Gearhart be made Division Chaplain in my place and I be sent back to some other sort of work. I suggested some hospital post near Paris and would be pleased to death to get to Neuilly, but that is a rather large order. The great obstacle in the way of our doing this is the same obstacle that was so beautifully removed last year when we faced the question of having a year at Princeton, namely money. So perhaps if God wants us to do this also He will provide a way. Meanwhile we will enjoy both the prospect of Paris and of the U.S.G. which are about equally attractive and wait to see how the path leads.

I have not seen Donald for quite a little while, but he is o.k. so far as I know. Butler Harris went off sick but not seriously I guess. My attack of influenza was very light. I doubt me much if it were real influenza from what I hear about the disease now.

It seems to be making quite a commotion all over the world. Bee Fox mentioned it in his letter and this morning I read an article about it in the London Daily Mail, European Edition. We also have the Paris editions of the Herald and Chicago Tribune. They are a day old usually but that is not so bad all things considered.

Wasn't it strange that the Kiddies really were twin boys? I have felt that although it seems hard yet as you said there must be some good reason for its having happened thus. Mrs. Stevenson would be so sorry to hear about it. Does she know? It will be rather hard for you to put away all the little clothes. I am rather sorry now that the lace I sent started so late because I am afraid it came after everything was all over. The little dress was the delight of the little French lady who made it and I remember how fondly I looked at it the day I left Bordenne and wondered how it would reach you and whether I would be there in time. It will all work out for the best. Perhaps our being abroad a year will be made possible by this although I don't feel the two are even to be compared, still when we have reached a point where we can get a good long

view of it all we will say that God did all things very well. We are not running our own lives and do not have to worry about them. I grow more sure every day that nothing just happens to us by chance but that we are all under a plan. It gives a great sense of comfort and helps simplify life.

Now I am anxious for your books about the musicians to get to you. They are all in French and I hope that will not disappoint you but you can read them slowly and it will be good for your French to be forced to get the information you want from that language with no chance to take a short cut. I have found that another great help is to get a French dictionary. I have one of the Larousse publications. This is a Frenchman's dictionary of his own language. It has the customary title cut to shortest and gives the most welcome aid. It does not give you just some English word which may not be an altogether accurate translation, but it tells in French what the word means to the Frenchman. Sometimes I have to go on in the dictionary to find the meaning of one of the words in the definition of

the first word but that only adds to the value of the book. After wandering around a whole segment with a mental picture of what the Frenchman meant and often then never hitting on a good English word, that you see is doing what the Frenchman does, getting the other Frenchman's idea. That is the trouble with our American style of learning foreign languages, trying to read them word by word and parallel them with English words. But I believe after mastering the fundamentals of the language the best way to get on is to just read and read not being too careful to look up strange words. About the fifth time you meet a word which is new if the five contexts do not give you a pretty good inkling of its significance then look it up.

Well have we mine this little lecture is free, absolutely. I don't practice what I preach all the time but I try to. French is gradually getting more familiar but I have only just begun.

A Harvard 1913 boy is sitting here beside me writing his wife! So goes life. Am certainly meeting all kinds of men. If the young minister needs to associate with men I sure am getting an ideal training.

Love you Stewart

October 28, 1918.

Dearest Sweetheart,

Your letter of October 14, 1918 arrived today and brought some more comfort and good news. I am so happy that you are well again. It is somewhat of a surprise that you would be happy out at Ann Arbor with Elizabeth's youngsters but so it may be and you must be where you are happiest. Don't get tired out. I will be happy if you can help John and Elizabeth because they have certainly been very thoughtful and lovely to us. It is one of the things I look forward to, to see them all cozily fixed in their own home. I went past the outfit over which their friend Major Allen presides. He is all right and all the rest of our friends so far as I know. I try to keep pretty close track of them.

I will be most happy to write John. I don't think he will have much of a chance to fight. Things are winding up pretty soon now. It puts me in doubt, this present situation, if the thing ends right up I think I want to stay over here, whereas if it drags on I would prefer to come back on leave, and work the way in the States. It has been great so far over here, but war is powerful slow business.

my mental bias does not allow me to get a great deal of pleasure out of this game. I fear me I am a student and my most helpful work in this world will be with individuals as I meet them in connection with their studies.

There is a lot of beautiful mistletoe on the trees up in these forests. I would like to send you a big bunch to decorate the house with. It is beautiful over here. The woods are now all brown and soon will be bare. Nature reminds me greatly of Princeton last fall. But the beautiful part is rather spoiled by all the mess which man has made and you have to concentrate on nature and distinct from human nature to enjoy yourself.

I'm quite well along in the evening now and my five room mates have all gone to bed so I had better stop this for the night. I'll send it along direct to you now that you are located for some time.

Love to Pudnuspretts male.

I love you

Stewart

October 29, 1918.

Dearest Folks,

With my back to a beautiful fire, and a candle perched on an old lamp base, I am much inclined to write you dear People a letter. Word comes from you regularly and the letters are very much of a help. I am surprised how frequently they come. All is going well here. The weather is perfectly wonderful now. We are enjoying some real Indian summer. The night sets in rather soon in the afternoon, but the nights are splendid to sleep in. I go to bed about ten o'clock at night and get out of bed about eight in the morning. That is not such a very hard life considering the fact that there is supposed to be a war on in these parts. One night I missed sleeping when I rode down to one of the Hospitals to see how our fellows were getting along. But I made it up the next day and night so it did not matter. Donald happens to be away now sick a bit. I tried to get over to see him to-day but there was no transportation going that way. I'll try again. It is rather fun to get a bit sick because you have such a grand time in the hospital and travelling around on your way back to your organization. My little bit of influenza netted me two short stays in Paris which was more than pay for the illness I felt for a day or two.

I think I am still continuing to grow fat. The food is very good, and being more or less out of doors all the time gives me a most unreasonable appetite. I am always famished. It is a great beauty about this gypsy life we lead that at almost every corner of the road there is a field kitchen set up and some American boy cooks engaged in making pancakes, or some other homelike delicacy. They will always give you a meal. The night I rode back to the hospital to see how things were going, I had to travel by several vehicles, because no one went all the way through to my destination. At one place I ran across our own quartermaster department. It was along about two-thirty a.m. and being a bit chilly with riding, I dropped in by the fire under their kitchen stove to warm up a bit. They promptly impressed upon me a giant slice of fine tasting bread, covered with butter and gave me a big cup of coffee. You have no idea how good it tasted. Bunny will understand I know. On another occasion after sleeping in a box car one night on the last lap of my trip back to the division, I found part of a ~~Xxxx~~ Chicago regiment of railroad engineers who gave me breakfast of cocoa, and pancakes, with butter and syrup. I do not expect you folks hardly have such things at home. Then I had my first ride in an American locomotive, driven by an engineer who used to drive a train from Kansas City to Chicago, on a little railroad that our boys had built away over here in France. I never expected that to be the setting for my debut in the cab of an American steam engine.

One of the greatest things I own has been that sleeping bag of kapok that came from Wanamakers. Once you get inside you cannot slide out, nor your feet become uncovered. I am thankful for it every evening and morning. Now I am wearing Bunny's sweater

Met Chaplain Kodall this p.m.

every day. It is hardly time to put on the real heavy underwear. My silk stuff has been a great comfort, and I wear the pajamas every night. Just now for some time we have been unable to get any laundering done. I have gone back to the laundry bag on several occasions for "clean" linen. It was a case of choosing the lesser of two evils. But before long it will be possible to have the whole thing done, and Stewie will blossom forth as fresh as a daisy. If I get transfered out of this division I will probably go where washing can be done every day of the week, and where it will seem very luxurious indeed. It is strange that in spite of these things that may sound hard, one does not feel hardly at all any sense of privation. I sleep nights, eat three square meals, and feel very comfortable. I think it is partly to be credited to the uniform. It is hard to muss one up, and it always fits you very well. The knee style of breeches saves the pressing of the lower trouser leg, and the mud always gets on the boots and not on the clothes. Then before you arise in the morning your striker comes and fills your wash basin with hot water, wherewith you may shave and wash, and takes your boots and Sam Browne belt out where he can give them a thorough polishing. And so when you have washed, shaved and dressed you feel pretty chipper. We have a tailor and clothes presser on the job all the time, for the general's clothes must be pressed, and so must ours. There is also friend Horace Infusine, the cobbler, who made me a pair of leather shoe strings the other day when mine broke. He says that he is going to make me a pair of velvet slippers when he gets home. He says that they are an old World product for the most part, but very luxurious. They have leather soles. They will be fine to wear in the evening in the study, when my students come in to talk over their work etc.

I wrote Chesty a letter last evening telling him how I thought the Seminary ought to be run! I received a nice letter from him, and also one from Mrs. Stevenson. She said that Dr. might come over to France "to take charge of the religious work" of the Y.M.C.A. I suppose. Well it needs someone to take charge of it. Now it is mostly just being a canteen for cigarettes and the like. The institution that has come to the fore in this army has been the Salvation Army. The reputation they have axquired is profound and impressive. I have lately heard men say, "Well when I get home all my change is going into the tambourine". And the thing I like about them is that they have had very little to work with, no anvertising, and have in all the cases I know of, been evangelistic to the core. I would be of the opinion that they had converted more men than any other one instrumentality over here. They work in their own way. Women for the most part do the work. There are two rather young women in this town. They make and give away about four thousand doughnuts a day, run a little canteen with towels, writing paper, cigarettes and the like, have a piano and hold Gospel meeting and the like. Their whole work is a coherent whole. They are not afflicted with this division of labor bug, so that they have one "religious work director" one something else, and one truck driver. The Y.M. has let in a lot of absolutely irreligious men under the excuse that they were not to do religious work, but that the Y.M. needed techinical experts to handle accounts and sell candy and the like.

Although we have a Y.M. unit with us, I stopped in Paris at the head office of the Knights of Columbus and had a talk with Mr. Hearn their main gun there, and got him to send a unit of that institution to us. They arrived wit in a week, and have gone right to it. I did this because I had observed that they were doing the canteen end of the game more efficiently than the Y.M. I did not get them for their religious services, because they do not pretend to furnish any. Most of the priest that were K. of C. men have now been taken over and made regular chaplains. A lot of the ministers in the Y.M. have done the same thing, I am glad to say. But there are still four preachers in the Y.M. unit with us, who for the most part are just selling cigarettes. I do not know which they are, for you cant pick them out by anything in them that distinguishes a minister. Perhaps that is what they desire. My privat opine is that they are more of less derelicts for whom this war offered a good chance to bust out and start anew. I suspect a lot of the civilian workers one finds in this army, are those who have sort of winked out in some other line of work, and so have felt the "call to fight" more urgently than some others who are holding down successful positions at home. Frankly that would be my diagnosis of the recent action of Dr. J.W.Cochran. I know the over-age chaplains I met the other week, were decidedly of that class. There are some army officers who must also go in that class. However, my relations with the Y.M. and other such institutions have been the very pleasantist. I do not want to be thought sore on them. Mr. Smith the general secretary attached to our division is a fine chap, carries me about in his car, and would do anything in the world he could to help me and does all he can. We all get along finely. Most of the criticasm is what I hear from others. But there is much said in praise of them, and that must be remembered. But the subject always starts an argument pro and con. The Salvation Armt alone escapes the argument. Everybody seems to want to stand up for them.

The Salvation Army is an interesting institution. In many ways it approaches the Apostolic ideal. I have not studied into all its history, but have watched it working in many places, and most that it does I have to approve. I listen to some of their preachers on a down town corner in the evening, and I hear the straight Gospel. I do not think there is much heresy among the Army. It is a Bibical theology that they have, as opposed to a scholastic type. They do not know or care whether they are Calvinistic or whatnot, but they follow the Bible pretty well. Of course they show some of the excrescenses of a too great literalism, but that is not of them alone, and who shall say that the literal may not be the correct interpretation. Eminent and saintly D.D.'s say thus. Further they provoke conversions. And for the soc allside which we all seek these days, they carry on a kind of open handed charity unspoiled by card indices, and red tape. They may give undeserving folk some stuff, but is that not better that the ponderous and for the the most part fruitless efforts of our United Charities to avoid the same. I like all this. Now it may be that their leader has made a mint of money and lives in luxury. I personally would do the same had a small beginning turned out well for me. They may have a lot of worthless hangers on, but what organized and reputed church has not as many? I do not think one of those old clothes collectors who lives off the Salvation Army, after having been converted perhaps, is any worse a specimen than some board secretary who does the same, being also thoroughly converted and a good man. That sort

of criticism I think was rather rapped by Paul when he said that although as a matter of fact he lived mostly from his independent means, he had a just claim on the support of the people among whom he went as did everyone who ministered to them. No all in all I think the Salvation Army has a good lesson to teach us. I wish I had the pep to get up on a street corner and preach. Paul used to do it and the Salvation Army man does it to-day.

So much for the S.A. These few thoughts are free and I hope will edify. I preached last Sunday in a Roman Catholic church here in town. I manage to get along with the priests pretty well. Some of them are fine fellows, and some are the old type kind that you visualize in the mind. I keep them sweet. That is about all the job I have. My friend Gearhart is here at division headquarters being Division Burial Officer, a job I had until I was sick, and which I am glad not to have. He also acted Div. Chaplain while I was away, and I have recommended to G.H.Q. to make him that permanently and send me to other fields of usefulness, as a starter for home, unless the war endsimmediately. But I notice that he is liable to get in trouble. He has accused to Christian Scientist of proselyting, and when I showed him an endorsement of the work of an R.C. chaplain by his colonel, he said that was white wash. Those things do not make for the smooth running of things, and Stewie has to go around and get everybody happy again. Now I like the Christian Science chap a lot, and if he chooses to give out a few tracts to people, I do not see where it would be my business to complain of it to the Chief of Staff as friend Gearhart did. I do not agree with my friend Jackson's science but fighting him only spils the whole thing, and obviates any little thing that we might be able to do together, such as burying a man, when he and I conducted the service and he read out of the Bible the chapter in Corinthians about the resurrection of the body. It was as true coming from him as had I read it, and he was willing and glad to read it. I rather do that with him, than accuse him of giving out tracts. Too many preachers go up in the air I find about things. I think I have learned from Fox and Grandfather to be very patient and kindly towards other sorts of Christians. I am glad. I hear from Anne MacGregor that a Catholic doctor baptized the Twins during their momentary life on earth. It was not necessary I do not believe they being the children of the elect, but the doctor understood differently and for their sakes did what he could. I cannot help feeling grateful to him. Now I read that to some of our forefathers in the faith his act would have been worse than murder and would have created a tempest in the minds of the good brethren of the Reformed order. What is the matter with me, I am a good Calvinist I hope, and yet I feel very kindly toward this benighted papist.

All this long epistle have I written to you. My back has been so fine and warm in the fire and the candle burns very well. It is now about a quarter to seven and I will go over to dinner and probably sit around listening to the piano for a while after which it will be about time to hit the hay. So you will not think that I am having a very hard war of it. I was certainly much favored in having this particularp post for all the chaplains even in this division will not have just this program tonight.

If the Fieldmouseface is not there, she may like to see this letter. I hope she will get to you before so very long, although I think it is nice that she can be with the Parkers for a while if they can stand her cherubic being!

Loads of love, Stewart.

Captain S. M. Mahan
American E. F.

Soldier's Mail

U.S. ARMY POSTAL
OCT 31
10 AM
No.

Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie Robinson,
C/o Mr. John C. Parker.
[illegible]
Pine Alto.
[illegible]
N. S. W.

PASSED AS CENSORED
[illegible]
Captain.

October 30 1918

Dearest Sweetheart,

Now you guys have made me work by separating yourselves around so I have to write you different letters. Perhaps you will rejoice because now all your letters will be all yours and I will not be sticking in side remarks to other people.

I have now six roommates. We are in this big room where once Germans lived. My bed is made of rough wood just boards nailed together, with a piece of very coarse heavy wire netting nailed across the bottom to hold the sleeper up. Two of these are made together and my bunkie is a doctor from Birmingham Alabama named Jenkins. He is rather elderly and not very exciting. He has most pronounced down south way of talking which when of a certain kind and in a man always irritates me. He stumbles so abominably over French names and just shows along upon them. I guess he is just one of those backward Southern practioners. He is nice enough and I like him but his bacon and

dopelessness are somewhat far apart. He talks just like a nigger with the funny little falsetto quaver in his voice.

Then there is one Popoff. He is of Russian extraction. His father came to Brooklyn where P. was born. Later his father went back to Russia as agent for the Equitable Life so P. grew up there. He has studied theatre in Germany and at Paris for ten years and when the war came had a studio on Long Island where he worked as an artist. He is the division intelligence officer who questions all the foreign captives that we bring in. He is great, has great ideas about things, hates the Kaiser unusually strongly because he made him quit his job and go over in this mess. He does not lament coming except only the necessity that created the need. Oddly enough the sergeant who assists him was the roommate of Sam Rogerson at Brown, one Stanbury whom I had met down at West Chester at dances.

Another of the crew here is Deering of both college and law school at Harvard. He is a very nice fellow, with a wife and new baby at home in New Hampshire. Jones went to Pennsylvania University, I know now, but I don't know much about Jones. He seems like a good guy. Thorton is here, an engineer who has charge of the maps for our intelligence department and Hammond who is only here for a couple of nights and belongs to some heavy artillery. The two gas officers are Univ. of Michigan men. Robert L. Smith and Harrington, very nice boys they are too. We have one Yale representative, one other Princetonian a Columbian named John Kuhn from New York City, a lawyer I believe in civil life.

I wish Esther had attached herself to the Red Cross rather than the Y.M.C.A. Over here the A.R.C. has rather a better position, is doing a bigger work and has the better set of girls. All the A.R.C.

girls I have met have been exceptional whereas the girls have been nice but nothing extra. In fact the J is rather losing out of late here. There are other organizations here who in a less ostentatious way are doing more real business than the J. and so it is hard to tell the people as to who it is that produces the goods the J. population is falling somewhat. However don't let my discourage your hopes for Sis. You might be glad she could come over and I know she will make good and that on the whole it will do her a lot of good. It took however, nearly as revolutionary an experience as some of the hack writers in the States have tried to make it appear by the stories and articles they write. We are much edified by many of the war stories of the Post etc. and discover in them that many perfectly familiar phases have been exploited and dressed up till we feel quite romantic. Assure you you readers of current literature are getting

far more thrills than we have.

I wish I could drop in on you all now. It is not quite ten o'clock in the evening. Everybody else in the room has gone to bed. I have one candle for light, although there are some electric lights in the building. The fire is getting low in the funny little stove-grate that we have. I do not know whether it is French or German, I presume the latter. You said, I think, that John and Elizabeth had moved into their new house? Is it the one they built? I should greatly like to see it. Those youngsters must be all over the place by now, or as much all over as such well behaved young people could be. Maybe it is just as well that their rather irresponsible uncle does not assist to counteract all the good influences, but I think you are just as great a liability ?! I hope I can find some hygienic, sanitary, harmless and instructive little trinkets for John and Mary Elizabeth for their Christmas. If I get to Paris again it ought to be easy.

Last time I looked allover for some beautiful prints but somehow I was not able to find just what I thought we wanted. Just now they have all kinds of war engravings, some of them very fine but pretty expensive and not overly interesting to me. Perhaps I ought to overcome this lack of interest and get a few, but I think they are mostly only going to be popular for the time being. However I am remembering that we want some fine engravings and am on the lookout for them. If by chance you come over a little later we can pick them out at leisure. Just now things look rather uncertain. I can't figure out whether the war will last through till spring or not. If it should I would prefer to be transfered home right away whereas if it is to be over at once it might be well to get in the study at Paris now while I am on the ground, because once we are settled at home I fear me we could not pull up so easily again. I hope not at any rate.

By this time I hope and pray that you are feeling quite your old self again.

you have of course been as careful of yourself as you could be and being a wise little girl I have no great fears on your account. It was strange the mischance should have befallen you and yet it very probably saved no greater trouble later when it might have cost your life. We will not worry one bit about it. Our dear Ones are waiting for us I believe too. God I think creates the soul when He creates the body. Although these dear Ones had as yet unperfect bodies they were more perfect than those we lay down after our busy careless lives in ours. But whether we leave them as yet incomplete or worn out we receive them again perfected. So I imagine we shall meet these children clothed in their radiant and glorified bodies, the same little bodies you saw but no longer little, but perfect even as Christ's. At least so I would interpret what my Bible has to say on the subject. So I think we may think of them as we shall behold them, Christlike men of the Kingdom of Heaven. They await

us there. It does add a joy even to Heaven to have loved ones there. We will have now the unspeakable delight of only knowing these boys at their best. And there will be no disappointment in their hearts over us for we too shall be made perfect, that is free from the power of evil over us but yet not completely filled to the full, for I think we must needs go on through all eternity acquiring new graces ~~are~~ as we learn more of the wisdom of God and partake more of the fulness of Christ.

Probably you and John will have some interesting discussions. Read your Bible and use your brain on it. I do not speak by inspiration. But it seems to come out at about that for me. If John wont accept your Bible one guess is as good as another. But if the dead rise not what about all these dead boys over here. These chaps I find in the fields and by the roads must live again. So.'

I love you,

Stewart.